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A good story every week.
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SATURDAY
COURIER-GAZETTE.

\$5 for the guess that
comes the nearest
to the population of Rock-
land.

VOLUME 1.
This paper and the eight page Tuesday
Courier-Gazette both for \$2.00.

ROCKLAND, MAINE, SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1890.

Semi-Weekly
Tuesday and Saturday.
NUMBER 14.

Births.
SADDLER—Rockland, May 22, to Mr. and Mrs. Willard Saddle, a son.
WALKER—Rockland, May 20, to Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Walker, a daughter.

Marriages.
RACKLIFF—Love—East Bluehill, May 10, Oliver H. Rackliff, of South Thomaston, and Christina Love, of East Bluehill.

Deaths.
FARRINGTON—Rockland, May 20, Alden L. Farrington, aged 45 years, 3 months, 3 days.
VAUGHN—Union, May 22, Dea. Augustus Vaughn aged 65 years.
WINSLOW—Union, May 16, Sadie E., daughter of Wm. H. and Emily P. Winslow, aged 10 years.
ROSS—Christie, S. C., May 15, Dr. Oliver E. Ross, of Rockport, a native of Vermont. The remains were brought to Rockport for interment.

WANTED.
At 163 Broadway, chairs to mend, accounts to adjust. Sewing of any kind. A W. & W. sewing machine to sell.
R. M. PILLSBURY.

WANTED.
A barber of one or two years' experience. A young man preferred. Apply at once to
J. H. H. SINGH,
158 265 Main St., Rockland, Me.

LOOK at the LISTGROW
Every day new dealers are added to it, and smokers by the dozen. If you have not tried the "EL GRATO"
lay down a nickel with your Cigar Dealer and get the BEST SMOKE for that price you ever had—you will like it and come again. If your dealer does not keep them try one that you see here is the list; most of the dealers have them now, and the rest are coming. Your dealer will keep them if you call for them, if not "one will be left." You had better join the list now. Speak right out loud, when you buy a Cigar, for the EL GRATO.

ROCKLAND.
C. A. Haskell
W. J. Conkley
J. R. Stewart
M. H. Smith
E. B. Ingraham
C. E. Tuttle
E. E. Simmons
C. H. Pendleton
G. A. Ames
J. H. Flint & Son
W. S. Hemingway
R. C. Rankin & Co.
J. H. Wiggin

THOMASTON.
Masters & Starrett
J. S. Litchin
Clinton House

CAMDEN.
Bay View House
F. P. Libby
Davidson & Kirtledge
Woodard & Spaulding
Bedwell Granite Company.

CLARK'S ISLAND.
M. A. St. John.

WASHINGTON.
C. I. York

ST. GEORGE.
Robinson Bros

CRESCENT BEACH.
F. M. Smith

HEADQUARTERS
For Blacksmiths, Machinists, Quarrymen, Painters, Fishermen, Sportsmen, Seamen and Farmers, Ship, Boat, Carriage, and House Builders.
If you can't find what you want, go to

H. H. CRIE & CO.'S,
and see their stock. A few "elaborate articles in stock and just arrived, enumerated below:
50 Tons Refined and Norway Iron.
10 Tons Quarry and Carriage Steel.
15 Tons Barb Fence Wire and Staples.
1,000 Kegs Cut and Wire Nails.
100 Kegs Ship and Boat Spikes.
100 Kegs Iron and Steel Horse Shoes.
1,000 Gals. Ready Mixed House and Ship Paints.
1,200 Gals. Paint and Machine Oils.
200 Gals. House, Ship and Carriage Varnishes.
10,000 Lbs. Manila and Hemp Cordage.
10,000 Feet Wire Rope.
8,000 Lbs. Quarry and Cable Chain.
1,500 Lbs. Steel Crow Bars.
250 Kegs best Blasting Powder.
8,000 Hickory and Oak Spikes.
110 Sets Hickory and Oak Rims.
2,000 Lbs. Boat Nails and Rivets.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
H. H. CRIE & COMPANY
The
Rockland
Photographers,
320 Central Block,
Main St., Make all kinds
of Pictures in First-Class style.
Types, Minnets, Panel up to Life Size
McLOON & CROCKETT.
Life Size Pictures Made by the Platinum
Process, absolutely permanent, and
Finished in Ink and Crayon.
We keep a large variety of
Mouldings and make
Frames to Suit
Customers.
Call.

Miss Frances A. Wade,
PHOTOGRAPHER,
362 Main Street, Rockland, Maine.

BUSINESS
Educators
SHAW'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, Portland, Me.
Open the entire year. Is the only one in New England which has its Theory and Practice in separate apartments, conducts a Ladies' Department and refuses to accept payment in advance. Send for Catalogue.
F. L. SHAW, Principal.

HERE AND ELSEWHERE.
Look out for the free entertainment on Main Street this evening.
Capt. James Mooney, Grace Street, is making an addition to his residence.
The electric light at the Berry engine house has been changed to the east side of the street with a decided good result.
The members of Pleasant Valley Grange go to West Camden Monday on a visit to Mt. Pleasant grange to confer the degrees on several candidates.
Steamer Rockland, Capt. David Robinson, goes on the Bangor route Monday, leaving Bangor at 6 a. m. and Rockland at 12.30 p. m. daily.
Charles Ames has sold the Bay View House at Camden to Williston Grinnell of Searsport. Wm. Weeks will probably run the house for Mr. Grinnell.
Preparations are being made for raising the flag at the Warren Street school house. Mr. Fred Sweetland being now engaged in placing the staff in position.
Steamers Penobscot and Richmond were only a few hours behind schedule time when they arrived here, Wednesday. This is a good record considering the condition of the weather for weeks past.
The interior of the Court House has been undergoing some needed improvements this week. Janitor Sherman has painted the walls of the corridors and varnished and repolished the wood work.
Alice May, daughter of Frank B. Shaw, entertained at her home on Fulton street, Wednesday afternoon, a party of her little friends, it being her eighth birthday. The exercises consisted of games, parlor speaking and singing, after which thirty-three boys and girls sat down to a birthday supper.
Friday evening the members of Edwin Libby Post were surprised into a temporary defeat by the presentation of two handsome silk guidon flags, one being given by Mrs. Clara Mank and the other by ladies of the corps. The flags are beauties, handsomely fringed in gilt and appropriately lettered. Let 'em wave.

Rockland creamery has every indication of prosperity. A 300 gallon churn has been recently put in to keep pace with the increasing business. Hitherto the butter has been worked by hand power, but the new churn will be run by steam. About 2,000 pounds of butter is now being made per week on an average.
The entire season so far has been as unfavorable to the fisherman as to the farmer. Despite rain and fog the catch of fish has been good. Tuesday the Ella M. Bartlett from Gloucester arrived with 12,000 pounds of cod and haddock for Stephen Chase & Co. Wednesday the Rising Billow of Harpswell brought in 2,500 pounds of halibut and cod. The Cape Ann Breeze states that the price of halibut is 7 cents for Georges and 4-8 for Bank.
Two young men of this city hired a team at Gray's stable, Wednesday, for an outing to Camden. At Rockport they indulged in a little race but soon came to grief by colliding with a Thomaston team. The damage to their carriage was slight, only a step being broken. The Thomaston team suffered the loss of one wheel. The occupants of the Rockland team should have read the article in Tuesday's COURIER-GAZETTE on the "Law of the Street." By doing so they might have avoided the accident, as they took the wrong side of the road to pass the other team.
Last Wednesday evening two inhabitants of the Point, possessing Amazonian proclivities, hired a team from Gray's stable and went forth to ride. Indiscretion and fast driving, however, abruptly terminated their pleasures. They were ordered to return to the stable, and as they were about to depart by the rear entrance Officers Spear and Williamson placed them under arrest. They were taken to the city's stronghold and locked up for the night, where they had an opportunity to partake of the food of reflection. They were arraigned before Judge Hicks, Wednesday forenoon and allowed to depart upon payment of a fine of \$3 each with costs.

Rockland has experienced quite a visitation of public officials this week. Wednesday, Hon. Seward S. Stearns, deputy collector of internal revenue, and Hon. T. R. Simonton, special agent of the treasury department, were in the city upon business connected with their respective offices. Special agents Merrill and Pollister of the Navy department and Hon. J. E. Moore, collector of customs were here at the same time. Thursday Dr. John Turner Cushing, who is the special agent of the census department to collect statistics bearing upon the mortgage indebtedness of Maine, was here Thursday gathering the Savings Bank statistics for Knox County. After completing his duties here he went to Camden and Thomaston. Dr. Cushing is a brother-in-law of Senator Hale.

Cobb, Wight & Co. are planning a park in the rear of their store.
Mathieus is a smart little Isle. Last Tuesday the county treasurer received the plantation's county tax for 1890, it being two months in advance of the time required for such payment to be made. There must be a surplus in the treasury.
Thursday three disciples of Izaak Walton made ample preparations for a fishing trip amid the solitudes of Clam Cove. After toiling for hours 'mid sunshine and shadow, alternate hope and despair, they returned to the city with the air of conquering heroes, or rather heroines, triumphantly bringing with them several corpulent flounders, which were no doubt eaten with evident relish and eclat.
Speaking of the recent scandalous shooting cases at Winterport and Rockland, the Ellsworth American says: Both of these tragedies point their moral. They are sad and shocking tales of passion and crime, and afford terrible illustrations of the fact that no man or woman can "go to the devil" in any one direction without such a debasement of his or her moral nature that crimes and tragedies are liable to follow in many directions.
Mrs. Mary S. Burgess has escaped the hospitalities of Wiscasset jail. She was given a hearing before Judge Hicks Tuesday afternoon, and was required to furnish bonds in the sum of \$1,000 for appearance at the September term of court. Thursday forenoon she succeeded in securing the amount, and was at once released and taken to her home. Mr. and Mrs. John S. Ranlett and Capt. Burgess became her sureties. The condition of Titus continues favorable and it would seem that his prospects for recovery are good, especially as he has the watchful care and tender nursing of his late assailant.

MATTERS PERSONAL.
Mrs. N. D. Hamilton of Gloucester, Mass., has been visiting friends in town—Mrs. A. A. Stanley and daughter, Mrs. J. B. Hall, are in Bangor the guests of Mrs. E. A. Cummings—Capt. E. W. Allen of Mt. Desert and John McNamara of Camden have been visiting at V. E. Higgins—Mrs. Angie Spear has gone to Thomaston for a brief stay—Benj. Smith and family of Boston are at D. C. Smith's, Cedar Street—S. Nevins of Boston was in town last week—Mrs. Elvira Dyer, who visited Mrs. Geo. Kirkpatrick last week, has returned to her home at Vinalhaven—A. J. Bird returned Thursday from a business trip to Bangor—C. M. Walker, esq., was on the sick list a few days last week—Mrs. Zina Robbins of Union is in the city visiting friends—Benj. Studley, who has been at work in Camden, returned home Wednesday—Miss Nellie J. Orcutt of Boston is visiting Mrs. L. S. Ulmer at Blackington's Corner—Charles McAllister, of Hudson, Mass., formerly of this city, is visiting here—Mrs. Calvin Smith and her son Walter have returned to Marlboro—Mrs. P. A. Smith went to Vinalhaven on the morning train Wednesday. Mr. Smith is to preach at Pemaquid this year—Mrs. Franklin Robinson from Jefferson is visiting her son Roscoe, 90 Grace Street—Levi Saunders has sold his house on Lisle Street and moved to Orlan on a farm—Miss Susie Wade is visiting her mother in Warren—Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Cushing of Bangor are at Capt. C. A. Sylvester's—Mrs. Colburn of Toledo, Ohio, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Simonton Wednesday, and left for Belfast—L. S. Robinson went to Rockport Thursday—Capt. Levi Ulmer of Cushing is in the city for a few days.

FOR CHARITY.
Don't forget the entertainment to be held in Farwell Hall, May 31st, afternoon and evening, "Days and Nights" with the Boys in Blue," for the benefit of the Rockland Charitable Association. There are quite a number of aged people that this society are a great help to and the amount of good they are doing is really astonishing. The society at present is sadly in need of funds to carry on its work and by patronizing this entertainment you will help them and at the same time pass a most enjoyable evening. All persons holding tickets to the drama, "Life of a Fireman," can exchange them for "Boys in Blue" tickets by calling at Spear, May & Glover's.

BEER FOR LEWISTON.
A man claiming that the Jones brewery is behind him has started into the original package beer business in Lewiston. Yesterday a car was side-tracked at the upper Maine Central station that contained five barrels containing 45 gallons of beer each, and a large number of 16-gallon kegs full of the same liquid. When taken from the car the liquor was loaded

on drays and hauled to a store on Lincoln street, kept by a well known and wealthy citizen. Though the police were cognizant of the arrival of the stuff they made no attempt to seize it. The dealer says that he does not fear any trouble as the brewing firm has agreed to stand all costs, should any of the liquor be seized, and a test case result from such seizure.

Amusements and Announcements.
Prof. Beckwith and the phonograph have been delighting the public at the Opera House this week. This afternoon and evening at Vinalhaven and Tuesday afternoon and evening at Camden will close the Knox County circuit.

Prof. Rankin's afternoon class in dancing opened very successfully Wednesday afternoon with about 40 scholars and many new ones have since been added. The evening class will open Thursday at the Opera House, where both the classes will in future be held.

A goodly number gathered at the Engine Hall, Blackington's Corner, to the social Wednesday evening, and a little over fourteen dollars was netted towards books for the Sunday School. The programme was carried out in a creditable manner and each piece heartily encoored and readily responded to, making a very pleasing entertainment. Following is the programme:
Recitation, Emma Crockett
Song with Banjo accompaniment, Jennie Cushman
Duet, Fannie N. Ulmer and Nellie Doe
Violin Solo, J. F. McWilliams
Reading, Lena Hewitt
Song, Mabel Dean and Oils Lord
Reading, Maud Shibles
Duet, Nellie Doe
Fannie N. Ulmer and Nellie Watts

"Frank A. Robbins' twelve big shows, combined shows closed the week's engagement here last night to another full house, but full houses have been the story from the start. Each of the twelve days general satisfaction throughout the week. The three circuses, the double menageries, the two spectacular pantomimes, "Cinderella and the Glass Slipper" and the "May-Pole Dance," were never-to-be-forgotten scenes of splendor, the hundred young ladies in the grand ballets and marches dividing the honors with the hundred and more circus artists and the host of hippodrome riders. As to the aviary and the aquarium, each had its countless admirers throughout the week, and the double museum was continually thronged. The devil-fish (octopus) attracted much attention, and the youth of our city received wholesome lessons in morality from gazing at the burglar's tools, bank-robbers' and safe-blowers' kits; the murderous weapons, each of which had ended the life of one or more victims; and by listening to the scholarly lectures of Prof. Madigan, which might be termed serious, and then be rightly named. The show will always be a welcome visitor here.—Cincinnati Post.

Thus speaks the above-named paper of Mr. Frank A. Robbins' twelve big shows, which, united in one great show, is now on the way here, and will exhibit at Rockland on Monday, May 26.

MARINE MATTERS.
Sch. Wm. H. Bigelow, Rhodes, sailed for Baltimore the 21st.
Sch. John I. Snow, Pillsbury, is bound to Vinalhaven from New York.
Sch. Annie Lord, Kendall, for Philadelphia for Rockport, cleared Tuesday.
Sch. Thomas Hix, Thorndike, from Rockland arrived at Portland Wednesday.
Ship Jos. S. Spilney, Cushing, sailed from San Francisco May 11th for Manama.
Sch. William Keene, Simmons, from Friendship arrived at Portland Wednesday.
Schs. St. Elmo from Rockland and East Wind from Rockport, were at Vineyard Haven the 20th.
Schs. Ira Bliss, John D. Griffin, Ida Hudson, Lizzie Guptill, Nile and Nevada were in Boston the 20th.
Schs. George Berry, Sam Weller, Red Jacket, J. S. Glover and Davis Brothers sailed for New York Wednesday.
Sch. Ann Eliza, Maddocks, from Rockland, arrived in Hart Island Roads Tuesday with cargo of lime on fire, and was sealed up.
A Sagua dispatch of May 10, says, sch. Thomas R. Pillsbury was sold at auction to-day, all complete, anchored aloft in port, for \$2500 in Spanish gold.
Schs. Thomas Borden, Maggie Bell, H. F. Kimball, Bertha B. Glover, George A. Pierce, Carrie C. Miles, Rockland, Gen. Hall, Thomaston; Abbie S. Emery, Clark's Island; Julia Berkeley, Seal Harbor; arrived at New York Monday.
Two sailors, James Haggart and Michael McGrath of the schooner Contest of Portland, arrived here Wednesday, reporting that Tuesday they started to set some trawls during a heavy storm off Cashus Banks. It was late when they had finished and the fog had meanwhile shut in so thickly that they were at a loss to locate the vessel. They rowed until the next morning when they were picked up by the schooner Rabboli of Bangor and brought here.

CENSUS GUESSING.
Cut out the coupon, make your guess and send it in. Polls close the 17th of June. The census of 1890 shows Rockland's population to be at that time 7500. Have we 10,000 now?
I guess that the population of Rockland in 1890 will be
Name
Address
Cut this out, fill in the blanks and mail to the "Census Editor."

S. A's.
Following are the Senior class officers omitted in Tuesday's article: President, Miss Cassie Cushman; Vice President, Fred C. Stewart; Secretary, Miss Louise Hunt; Treasurer, Harry J. Shaw—A Ways and Means committee, consisting of five members, the male portion of the class, has been elected. They will have entire charge of the graduating affairs and we shall expect to see the matter boom now—The essays are being rehearsed to Miss Barrett, under whose able instruction they cannot fail to be delivered in fine style.

FRIENDSHIP.
Rev. E. A. Glidden, the new minister, preached at the M. E. Church last Sunday morning, after which the Sunday School was organized.
Nelson Thompson has moved the store which has been occupied by L. P. Wincapaw at Goose River to Friendship Corner and will fit it up for a boot and shoe store.
Foster Davis is building a barber shop and W. Wincapaw an ice cream saloon.
Redington R. Morton has enlarged his stable.
Charles Cook talks of building a house.
Mrs. Whitney has gone to New York to visit her daughter. She will be gone all summer.
Mrs. Johnson has arrived from New York and is getting her house ready for summer visitors.
Schools have begun with the following teachers: District No. 1, Hattie D. Robinson; No. 2, George Morton, Grammar, Geneva Thompson, Primary; No. 3, Olive Geyer; No. 6, Minnie Davis. Numbers 4 and 5 taught by Carrie Bradford and Susie Thompson, respectively, do not commence till the last Monday in May. All are home teachers save Miss Robinson, who lives in Cushing.

CUSHING.
Fannie W. Miller returned home from Medfield, Mass., Saturday.
Mrs. Wm. H. Robinson is visiting relatives in Rockport.
Mrs. Alice Payson has gone to Boston. Miss Hattie Robinson is teaching school in East Friendship.
Austin Burton returned home from Rockland, Monday, where he has been attending Commercial College.
Rev. George A. Andrews, who has been in town for the past two years and has been the means of doing much good has gone to Massachusetts.
Mrs. J. M. Kennedy of Warren is very sick with rheumatic fever at the home of her father, John R. Beckett.

VINALHAVEN.
Through the efforts of Manager Shields our people will be given the privilege of hearing the wonderful talking machine, the Edison Phonograph.
HURRICANE.
Martin Shields has returned home from Redstone.
Miss Mary A. Hobin has returned from Rockland.
Mrs. Wm. Cogan was at Rockland Wednesday.
S. W. Cummings of Appleton is at work here.
Services were held at the hall Sunday by Rev. Fr. Smith.
Miss Kate Quigley spent last Sabbath with friends at Vinalhaven.
Mrs. Duran has taken the boarding house formerly occupied by Hugh Maxwell, who has returned to Frankfort.

The granite cutters have now secured nine hours a day in Newport R. I.
The Westerly Granite Company of Providence, R. I., have discharged 40 quarrymen and drillers because there are no cutters.

WHAT ARE YOU DRINKING
For Tea? Why not try our Famous Sunbeam Chop Formosa Oolong Tea? IT WILL SUIT YOU.
In Pound Cartons, 50c. In Halves, 30c.
COBB, WIGHT & CO., Rockland, Me.

KNOX COUNTY PROBATE COURT MAY TERM, 1890.
Hon. REUEL ROBINSON, Judge.
A. A. BEATON, Register.
ACCOUNTS ALLOWED—First and final of J. H. H. Hewett, admr. on the estate of Nancy Davis late of Cushing; first and final of T. R. Simonton, executor of the last will and testament of D. A. Richards, late of Camden; first of M. F. Hanly, admr. on the estate of Frances O. Fuller late of Union; first and final of Jane C. Cooper, guardian of Frank W. Cooper of Rockland; first of E. A. Butler, admr. on the estate of A. N. Fales, late of Rockland; first and final of Almira Speed, admx. on the estate of James R. Speed, late of Thomaston.
ACCOUNTS PRESENTED—Fourth of Caleb G. Moffitt, guardian of Netia B. Kimball of Rockland; first of J. E. Sherman, guard. of William George of Rockland; first and final of James S. Teel, admr. on the estate of Esther A. Teel, late of St. George; first and final of George Wellman, admr. on the estate of Sarah Wellman, late of Appleton; first of Thomas Russell, guardian of Louisa R. Miller, et. al., of Thomaston; first of Mercy Kimball, admx. on the estate of G. M. Kimball, late of Camden; second of Martha W. Eaton, et. als., executors of the last will and testament of H. B. Eaton, late of Camden and first of Eliz. Cushing, admx. on the estate of Edward Cushing, late of Camden.
APPOINTMENTS MADE—John J. Alexander, admr. on the estate of Rebecca C. Lane, late of Vinalhaven; M. M. Hutton, admx. on the estate of S. S. Hutton, late of St. George; Fred W. Wight, admr. on the estate of H. W. Wight, late of Rockland; Frances P. Wight, guardian of Martha C. Wight of Rockland; Patrick Gray, admr. on the estate of Nancy Myers, late of Thomaston; D. H. Mansfield, guardian of Alden Gardner of Hope; Joseph E. Moore, admr. on the estate of Eliakim L. Farrington, late of Warren; Tobias F. Wadsworth, admr. on the estate of Frank A. Wadsworth, late of Camden; William S. Roberts, admr. on the estate of Charles S. Roberts, late of Rockland; Ellen M. Ames, guardian of Sydney E. Ames, et. al., of Vinalhaven; W. F. Kittredge, admr. on the estate of William B. Kittredge, late of Vinalhaven; Charles T. Spear, guard. of George H. Spear of Rockland; Aaron D. Wiley, guardian of Harry Counce, et. als., of Appleton; Helen M. Repsher, executrix of the last will and testament of Hannah Ulmer, late of Rockland; T. R. Simonton, executor of the last will and testament of Margaret A. Cooper, late of Camden; T. R. Simonton, admr. with the will annexed on the estate of J. H. Eaton late Camden.

INVENTORIES FILED—In the following estates inventories were filed: Statira P. Anderson, late of Rockland; D. A. Richards, late of Camden; E. F. Allenwood, late of Vinalhaven; R. K. Buzzell, late of Camden; Elisha Smith, late of Vinalhaven; Abner Rice, late of Thomaston; Charles W. Whitney, late of Vinalhaven; and Samuel C. Counce, late of Appleton.
ORDERS OF NOTICE—In the following estates orders of notice were filed, viz.: R. K. Buzzell, late of Camden; Charles W. Whitney, late of Vinalhaven; Samuel C. Counce, late of Appleton; Statira P. Anderson, late of Rockland; Elisha Smith, late of Vinalhaven and Abner Rice, late of Thomaston.
PETITIONS GRANTED—In the following estates license was granted for the sale of real estate, viz.: William T. White, minor of Rockland; Clara W. Haskell, minor of Camden; Martha C. Wight, minor, of Rockland.
Allowance was granted to widows, in the following estates, viz.: John S. Spear, late of Warren and Isaac M. Strong, late of Camden.
License to sell personal property was given in the estate of Samuel C. Counce late of Appleton.
Commissioners on disputed claims were appointed in the estate of Frances O. Fuller, late of Union.
PETITIONS PRESENTED—For sale of real estate in the estates of Geo. M. Kimball, late of Camden; Louisa R. Miller, et. al., of Thomaston; Fred A. Gleason of Union; Sydney E. Ames, et. al., of Vinalhaven; A. H. Jones of Union; Abner Rice, late of Thomaston and Nathaniel Alford, late of Hope. For appointment of admr. in the estate of Susan R. Wentworth, late of Appleton. For allowance to widows in the estate of R. R. Walsh, late of Rockland; Samuel C. Counce, late of Appleton and Samuel Pillsbury, late of Rockland.
WILLS—The following wills were probated, viz.: That of J. H. Eaton late of Camden; Margaret A. Cooper late of Camden; Hannah Ulmer, late of Rockland and Agnes M. Fisher, late of Rockland. The following wills were presented for probate, viz.: That of Cynthia S. Byard, late of Rockland; Jacob Ross, late of Camden; Theresa F. Blake, late of Warren; Charles Kirk, late of Warren and Jackson G. Watts, late of St. George.



ALL ABOARD! LAST CHANCE!

We quote the following prices for this week only:

20 lbs. Carolina Rice	1.00
20 lbs. Sugar	1.10
Best St. Louis Shorts, per bag	1.10
Corn Meal and Cracked Corn, per bag	1.00
Dill's Smoking Tobacco, per lb.	25c
Choice Oolong Tea, per lb.	25c
Choice Rio Coffee, per lb.	25c
Best Rancor or Boston Crackers, no charge	6c
for barrel, per lb.	25c
1 can Sugar Corn, 1 Tomato and 1 Pea	25c
3 bottles Choice Catnip	25c

FISH DEPARTMENT.

We are receiving daily Fresh Cod, Halibut, Haddock, Lobsters, etc. Fresh Boiled Lobsters every morning.

J. Donahue & Co.'s

New

Vermont

Maple Sugar

and

Syrup,

Strictly Pure.

Also

Vermont Honey,

Very Choice.

Bicknell Tea Co.

398 MAIN STREET.

A Wonderful Cure.

12 Years a Sufferer. Health and Happiness at Last.

"I have been a great sufferer from dyspepsia 12 years. Many times I could not take food in my stomach of any kind and was confined to the house my stomach was in such a condition. I have traveled many years and have spent a great deal of money trying to get help, and by accident, while in Bangor, heard of Bell's Sarsaparilla. I have taken a few bottles and have never found its equal as a medicine. Where I once suffered severe pain and distress after eating I am now perfectly well. I have gained in flesh, and would have given any sum I could command, could I have been assured the benefit I have received from this medicine."

EMERY E. HARDY.

Newark, N. J.

Charles Davis, Bangor, Me.

"I have found Bell's Sarsaparilla a certain cure for weakness of the kidneys. Have taken two bottles but found it just what it is recommended, a valuable, reliable medicine."

Bell's Sarsaparilla

SOLD EVERYWHERE AT 50 CTS.

A. M. ROBINSON, JR., Apothecary, Proprietor, Bangor, Me.

HARTSHORN'S SANSAPARILLA

AND IRON

LARGEST BOTTLE, SMALLEST PRICE, AND THE BEST REMEDY.

For Scurvy and all Humors. Skin Diseases of all forms. Itchy, Scaly, Eruptions, Headache, Constipation, Weakness, Debility, Biliousness, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, Liver Complaints, Numbness, etc.

"If Out of Sorts" or ill from any cause, use this TONIC BLOOD PURIFIER.

Price only 75 Cents.

E. HARTSHORN & SONS, BOSTON, MASS.

Hartshorn's Flavoring Extracts the Best.

W. H. KITTREDGE, Wholesale Agent, Rockland, Me.

Price only 75 Cents.

E. HARTSHORN & SONS, BOSTON, MASS.

Hartshorn's Flavoring Extracts the Best.

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Price only 75 Cents.

E. HARTSHORN & SONS, BOSTON, MASS.

Hartshorn's Flavoring Extracts the Best.

W. H. KITTREDGE, Wholesale Agent, Rockland, Me.

Price only 75 Cents.

E. HARTSHORN & SONS, BOSTON, MASS.

THE PICTURE—THE ENGAGEMENT.

On a seat in the arbor the maiden was resting; Her hat and her gloves by her side she had laid. The soft summer zephyr her fair cheek caressing Would toss from her brow her bright hair while it played.

Around her in chorus, earth's troubles unheeding, The birds sang the freedom and gladness they felt; While humbly before her so earnestly pleading Her lover in sadness now ardently knelt.

His questioning eyes her half turned face were searching; His answer to read in her sad, perplexed look; A circle of gold he upheld the white urging, And into his own her shy fingers he took.

The rest you must guess, for I know not the sequel; If June you with him when coming to woo; Or if sadly the fates were against him I know not; 'Tis only a picture I'm painting for you.

—Chicago Herald.

Hon. Caleb Cushing's Timidity.

Hon. Caleb Cushing, who, with the exception of the Hon. Rufus Choate (par nobis fratrum), was the best man to sit and listen to I have ever been acquainted with, was substantially dumb in the society of women. He either did not know how to talk to them, or he could not, and he could scarcely look in the face of one without blushing. He could not look them fairly in the eyes, in fact, nor could he men either, for that matter. There seemed to be an uncomfortable timidity and shrinking about him, as there was even about Choate himself, great man as he was.

Mr. Cushing once, at an evening party in Newburyport, attempting to make himself agreeable, it is to be presumed, said to a pretty, bright eyed girl of 17 or 18 summers, and quite distinguished for her beauty and accomplishments in the circle of her young admirers: "Pray, Miss —, can you tell me how love begins?" And she instantly replied with a merry twinkle and a smile: "With L, of course," thus discomfiting the distinguished scholar and statesman, and getting the laugh of the bystanders upon him. —Boston Journal.

A Gorgeous Head.

An entirely new style of hair dressing is threatened. In Paris the frizzy bang has meekly subsided to give the Javonaise headresses a chance. Fashion appears to have gone daft on those peculiar ornaments, and the great jewelers of the Rue de la Paix have been ordered to reset the diamonds of more than one grand dame after the pattern of those flat metal ornaments. At the opera a few weeks ago a dazzling light in Parisian society appeared with her hair dressed perfectly flat to her head, on one side, right above the ear, an ornament as large and as flat as an individual butter plate, composed of diamonds and pearls, and medallions as large as an English penny, of the same gems, going round to the other ear, across the forehead just at the line of the hair. How those jewels were kept in place was a secret known only to madame's coiffeur and jeweler, but it was "Javonaise," and, therefore, a beautiful and distinguished innovation on the diamond star and butterfly ornaments. Such is one of the results of the Paris exhibition, where the fashions of Java dancers were first introduced to western imitators. —Boston Herald.

Tarnished Gold on Fair Throats.

Since gold bead necklaces have again come into style dealers have been placed frequently in a very delicate position when some lady has come in to complain that the necklace sold her was of inferior quality, as it crocked or blackened on her neck. Recent investigation and the experience of prominent storekeepers has disclosed the fact that this is due entirely to the contact of the beads with a neck upon which face powder has been used. The smallest amount of powder, if the necklace be continually worn, is sufficient to cause this. To prove this let some jeweler make a jewel of purest gold, and write with it on a skin over which powder or fine dust has been strewn, and the result will be a distinct mark. It is a delicate thing to tell a lady that her fair neck is powdered, but the jeweler must either do this or admit the inferiority of his goods. —Exchange.

No Food for Nine Years.

There is at Bourdeilles, in the Dordogne, a woman named Bouriois who is said to have eaten nothing for nine years. The truth of this story is now being put to the test by a strict watch over the fasting woman, who has been under observation for the last fortnight. She is rather thin, but is described as being in no way emaciated. —Cor. London Standard.

Plume de sole is the name of a new trimming which will be much in vogue for diaphanous summer gowns, and is made of double bands of crepe, in any of the light shades, gathered and puffed up. This trimming is extremely appropriate on bodices, making a soft, becoming finish at throat and wrists, and is also used as a border for draperies.

Gaiters of finest, thinnest black cloth or of color to match the gown are much worn, as they are cooler and softer than boots. They are very carefully fitted, lined with satin and worn over hose of the same shade, which will be all in open work designs as soon as the weather becomes warmer.

A magnificent Pompeian palace is being erected at Corfu by the empress of Austria. It will cost a quarter of a million dollars. Carrara marble is used in its construction. The gardens will be the most beautiful in the world, and will be lighted by electricity.

The bill giving married women absolute control of their wages has passed both houses of the Kentucky legislature, and the governor has signified his intention of signing it.

If the fat in the frying kettle is hot before you are ready for it, put in a dry crust of bread. It will not burn as long as it has something to do, only when it is left idle.

Elizabeth Potter, a negress living near Cumberland, Tenn., is said to have 4,439 descendants. She is 136 years old, and a great-great-grandmother.

A Learned Woman.

Donna Ersilia was married to Count Lovatelli, of Ravenna, a marriage whose happiness was broken some thirteen years ago by the early death of her husband. Several sons and two charming daughters were the fruit of this marriage.

Intercourse with the great scholars who sought the Cestani palace resulted in setting her eagerly at work at the science of archaeology. The princess is as familiar with Latin and Greek literature as are our cultured academic philologists.

A series of archaeological essays earned her admission into the Royal Academy of Science. She is also one of the Society of Friends of Early Christian Art, founded by Rossi and Bruzza. But above all, her house has become the rallying point for the archaeological world of Rome—I might say of Europe. Donna Ersilia has withdrawn entirely from the time taking and frivolous pleasures of high life. She has made her salon a rendezvous for those whom study has attracted to Rome. There the greatest scholars may be found discussing the rendering of an old text or the interpretation of a word on an antique sarcophagus. In knowledge of these things the beautiful and majestic lady of the house is equal to her guests. —F. X. Kraus in Chantiquan.

Refuse to Shave Widows' Heads.

The agitation among the barbers of Bombay is likely to result in their refusal to shave widows' heads. Of course, those who are acquainted with native views in India will recognize that this intimation is not so comical as it sounds, but has a very serious meaning and reflects great credit on the native barber. It is a relic of a system of cruel treatment of native widows that they should have their hair shorn off at the moment of their affliction. Native journals have recently been denouncing the cruel practice in spite of the opposition of the Brahmins, who have themselves threatened to cut the hair of the widows if the barbers refuse.

This, however, it is said the Brahmins could not do without losing caste. The revolt in Bombay is due to the excessive cruelty practiced toward widows there. Up country the practice of shaving the widow's head is not so persistently enforced as in Bombay. The hair is allowed to grow again, and the widow is only expected to submit to a renewal of the unwelcome operation when she visits a shrine of special sanctity. In Bombay widows are shaved regularly once a week, and this causes them deep distress. —Bombay Letter.

What to Do with Our Girls.

The foundation of society rests on its homes. The success of our homes rests on the wives. Therefore, first of all, teach our girls how to be successful wives. Begin in their infancy to develop their characters. Teach them that jealousy is an immorality and gossip a vice. Train them to keep the smallest promise as sacredly as an oath, and to speak of people only as they would speak to them. Teach them to look for the best quality in every one they meet, and to notice other people's faults only to avoid them. Train them to do small things well and to delight in helping others, and in still constantly into their minds the necessity for sacrifice for others' pleasure as a means of soul development. Once given a firm foundation of character like this, which the poorest as well as the richest parents can give to their girls, and no matter what necessity arises they will be able to rise above it. —Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

A Big Price for Orchids.

Already has the orchid mania obtained celebrity, a snit having been brought against her grace, the Duchess of Montrose, by her florist, Mr. Sanders, of London. The duchess loves orchids; with them she adorns her person and her mansion during the two months of the "season." The fancy thus indulged was at the cost of \$6,400. Great were her exclamations and indignation when her bill was presented, and so loud, indeed, were they that she failed to hear the often repeated demands for payment. The florist, disgusted, sued her, and lo and behold! judgment was given against her, as to the commonest plebeian. Her grace was ordered to pay the amount—a good starting point for the cultivators of orchids, who have made a law unto themselves, valuing now the mearest orchids at \$8 and \$10. Therefore, good people, if you wish to indulge the craze, go ahead and pay for it! —San Francisco Bulletin.

Gen. McClellan's Widow.

Mrs. George B. McClellan, who is about to take a fine house in London for the season, has had a checkered existence. Since her husband's death the widow has been very much in Europe. On the other side of the Atlantic Mrs. McClellan has been showered with social attentions, and during the season in London, where American women of culture who bear an honored name are not too common, the widow of "Little Mac" will not be neglected. —Indianapolis Journal.

The Harvard Annex to Be Enlarged.

The Harvard Annex has not accommodations for the students who are anxious to attend that institution, and plans have been submitted for a \$25,000 annex to the annex. The Pay house, the present home of the students, is outgrown, and the enlargement of the house is imperative. The new plans provide for an addition more than one-half the size of the present building, including two large recitation rooms, new offices, a house-keeper's apartment and a library.

A New Way of Securing Designs.

A friend of mine is embroiling a screen, and how do you suppose she got her design? She took an engraving of a famous old picture to a photographer, and he enlarged it and printed it on linen for her. Of course, she is responsible for the colors, but as she has good taste I have no doubt that she will succeed in working a beautiful piece of tapestry. —New York Commercial Advertiser.

The Duchess of Marlborough had an invitation to dine for every night that she was in New York on her recent visit.

STONEWALL'S DEFEAT.

HOW A COLONEL OUTMANEUVERED THE GREAT GENERAL.

Stonewall is immortalized, but Col. Nathan Kimball is only a Territorial Postmaster—The Battle of Kernstown, March 23, 1862—Kimball's Mastery Tactics.

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HE fame of many leaders in the civil war is yet to be fixed. Where, for instance, will "Stonewall" Jackson stand? It has been said that the newspapers made Jackson by crying up his little victories over the scattered bands of Union troops in the Shenandoah valley. The other side of his experience—the adverse side—plays little or no part in the friendly annals of his struggles. His first formidable campaign in the valley began with a disaster. He was commander of the department, was not on ground of his own selection by an obscure Indiana colonel, and was roundly whipped and driven from his position in a total rout. The colonel won a general's star by his victory, and became, later, Brevet Maj. Gen. Nathan Kimball.

The prize at stake was the commanding position of Winchester, and the control of the rich valley of Virginia, and Col. Kimball undertook to defend it without guidance or instructions from his superiors. On the morning of the battle, March 23, 1862, Jackson sent a message to his chief, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, saying:

"With the blessing of an ever kind Providence I hope to be in the city of Winchester this evening." He was in that vicinity, with his face turned the other way, however, and not "kind Providence," but plain Col. Kimball, U. S. A., commanded the situation.

The forces in "Stonewall's" ranks at this time numbered about 5,000 men, and consisted of three brigades of infantry and one of cavalry. The Union forces in the valley at the time consisted of two divisions of Banks' corps, under Gens. James Shields and A. S. Williams. Williams' command was moving out of the valley and Shields' troops were posted around Winchester watching Jackson.

The game to be played was this: The Shenandoah valley, a generally open country, threaded by the Shenandoah river and extending from Staunton, an important railroad junction, on the south, to the Potomac on the north, and accessible every few miles through passes from the country east and west, offered admirable hiding ground for a body of troops adapted to rapid movements. The valley is broken by several ranges of hills, on one of which stands Winchester, thirty miles up the valley from the Potomac. Twenty miles further up—i. e., south—near Strasburg, the valley is cut across by a fork of the river and Cedar creek, flowing in from the west, and here successive ridges, steep in places, form good battle grounds.

Again, thirty miles south, near New Market, the valley is formed by two forks of the river, bordered with mountains, the single valley pike being along exposed plains between. Staunton, at the head of the valley, is well covered from attack from the north by streams that wind around it on the north, east and west. Jackson's place of refuge would be Staunton, where reinforcements from other armies could reach him, and the railroads from the south could bring up military supplies. From this point he could play hide-and-seek in and out and up and down the valley.

When Banks crossed the Potomac early in March, 1862, to enter the valley the Confederates retired before him. Winchester was abandoned and took appearance. Jackson was concentrating his men at the upper end of the valley. Banks then sent half his men, Williams' division, across the Blue Ridge to other scenes and ordered Shields with the remaining division to watch Jackson. It was now that the latter formed his plan to take Winchester.

The detachment assigned to Jackson was the valley district. On the morning of the 21st Jackson was near Strasburg, the second lodgment up the valley from the Potomac, and Shields, with three brigades, one of which was led by Col. Kimball, was at the first lodgment, Winchester. The cavalry skirmishers of both sides were between. About 4 o'clock that day "Stonewall's" cavalry, under Ashby, advanced on Winchester and opened with cannon.

Gen. Shields immediately moved out of his camp and drove Ashby away, but was himself temporarily disabled in the encounter. The troops led by Shields formed part of Col. Kimball's brigade, and on returning from the front the general ordered Kimball to advance with all his forces and take command at the front. On this incident of the wounding of Shields depended the fate of Jackson in his first independent battle. During the night Shields sent word to Kimball to move forward at daylight and drive off or capture Ashby. The general believed that the cavalry of the latter was all the enemy on his front.

Kimball went forward promptly along the valley pike leading south and met the Confederates on the hills overlooking the little village of Kernstown, three and a half miles from Winchester, on the lowlands of a little stream running at right angles across the main valley. Kimball planted a battery on one side of the pike and disposed his brigade on the other side, and drove the enemy before him into the valley beyond the little stream. In this stroke the Confederates lost the key position, and Kimball secured it.

Gen. Shields now sent word to his subordinates to advance. Col. Kimball sent back answer that he had a strong enemy to contend with and needed reinforcements. Shields again ordered an advance, even instructing Kimball to send a body of men with cannon to break through the enemy's center, divide his column and capture it in detail. Had Kimball obeyed he would have fallen into the trap Jackson was preparing for him. Kimball rightly believed that his superior, lying in his bed five miles distant, could not know what was taking place on the battlefield, and decided to hold his ground. He now had his own brigade and Col. J. C. Sullivan's also. On learning of Kimball's decision Gen. Shields sent up his other brigade under Col. E. B. Tyler, and left the affair wholly in the colonel's hands. The man who was to be pitted against "Stonewall" in the first battle of Winchester had not enjoyed the advantages of his opponent in military training. Jackson was a West Point officer who had seen much service. Kimball had been a volunteer captain in the Mexican war, and as colonel in command of the Fourteenth Indiana had made one campaign in 1861.

At midday Jackson had deployed his whole force of infantry across the valley south of Kernstown, with Ashby's cavalry for a movable column on his right flank. Kimball had his own and Sullivan's brigade deployed along the enemy's front, with the vale of the creek and the jamlet of Kernstown between. The Confederates opened the battle by attempting to rout Kimball by an assault on his left flank, using the cavalry as flankers, and also to make a show of strength. Kimball sent out single regiments to meet the attack and repulsed it. Then Jackson resorted to tactics which elsewhere made him famous. Leaving Ashby's cavalry and a battery to keep up a display on the field where his first attempt had been made, he moved all his infantry and three batteries by a concealed route far to the left, in order to seize a height along the west side of the valley on the right of Kimball and overlooking at fair range the whole Union position. Meanwhile Ashby made a feint on the left of Kimball to cover Jackson's flanking movement. But Kimball believed in Jackson's presence on the field and had proper respect for his abilities. In anticipation of some such maneuver on the part of his opponent, he sent word to Tyler, who was advancing along the valley pike from Winchester, to turn to the right and occupy the ground that Jackson was aiming to seize. The Confederate artillery had already taken positions and was enjamining Kimball's lines.

The field toward which Jackson's three Confederate brigades and Tyler's Union command were hastening from opposite directions was to be the scene of "Stonewall's" stunning defeat, and a veritable stone wall was there to play its part as a bulwark against the tides of battle. The ground was a plateau, presenting on its northern edge a line obliquing southeast and northwest to Kimball's position. Along this line was a stone wall, with broad, open fields south of it, where Jackson was advancing, and having on the north a strip of wood obscuring the view toward Winchester. When the Confederate line reached the stone wall and sent

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THE TURNING POINT.

Kimball's line the other side of the valley. Kimball's tactics were at this juncture unique. He had fought three inferior actions in order to hold the ground he knew occupied, and with Ashby, and he knew not how much besides, standing ready to pounce upon him there, was loth to have it defeated. His force was divided into eight regiments, and one by one these regiments were moved out by the right flank to the front of the Confederates to assist Tyler in maintaining his ground in front of the stone wall. The effect that this style of fighting had on the southerners is told in Jackson's report. He says that the repulsed Union regiments, with which he fought at the stone wall were replaced by fresh ones drawn from a large reserve.

The Confederate Gen. Garnett, whose brigade was in the center at the stone wall, believed that he was largely outnumbered because he saw six different Union flags on his front. He also saw Union cavalry moving around on his left flank, and while watching a bolt of lightning struck the ground, and implied that an individual thus designated is out of bounds—that is, does not in manners, dress or conversation come up to the standard of good society.

M. Viel Canal, a French painter who chose his subjects from the slaughter houses and rejoiced in painting blood, has died at the age of 74 years, and the story is told that the first picture that he had in the Salon was rejected at first, and that the day after learning his fate the painter went to the jury room of the Salon, said he was starving and threatened to shoot himself if the picture was not hung, whereupon the committee reversed their decision.

A curious accident was witnessed by two Alton (Ia.) citizens. They were going from that place to Sioux Center when a thunder storm came up. They had noticed an eagle flying quite high in the air, and while watching it a bolt of lightning struck the bird, and it fell to the ground. With the exception of a broken wing it was not seriously injured. It was captured by the men.

A Georgia editor has an old Confederate shoe, manufactured for the government in 1864, just before the war ended. The sole is fully three-quarters of an inch thick, and is made of poplar wood, evidently shaped with a hatchet or drawing knife. The upper is attached to the sole with a strip of rawhide, running entirely around the shoe, the leather being held to the sole with large carpet tacks. The upper is of rough cowhide, dressed only on the inside.

Aunt Nancy Luce, an eccentric character known to thousands of summer visitors at Martha's Vineyard, is dead. She won notoriety if not fame by reason of a pamphlet sold on the island, and with her photograph, entitled "A Memorial to Two Favorite Chickens." During the last years of her life Aunt Nancy spent her time training bantam chickens until they were capable of performing many really interesting tricks.

Carrara Marble.

"You can bid good-by to Carrara marble," says a house decorator. "It was all very well up to a few years since, but the development of our own land and of Mexico have driven it to the wall. Its most formidable foe is the Mexican onyx. This, although it looks soft and creamy, is as hard as steel, and when once polished is almost indestructible. At present it is used in small quantities, and is chiefly known from its white and yellow varieties. It obtains in twenty other styles, which are equally beautiful."

"More remarkable than the onyx is the petrified wood of Arizona and New Mexico. It comes in all colors, and is superior in beauty and elegance to most of the moss agates and wood agates used in jewelry. It takes a magnificent polish and is not so costly but that it can be used for mantelpieces, bar fronts, washstands, ash receptacles, table tops and bureau slabs. The supply is inexhaustible, and when the railroads of the southwest are extended will suffice for every possible demand.—Washington Star.

Emigrants of 1889.

Ninety-three thousand Englishmen, 57,000 Irishmen and 17,800 Scotchmen emigrated to the United States in 1888; 22,000 English, 2,000 Irish and 4,000 Scotch went to Canada; 23,000 English, 2,000 Irish and 2,000 Scotch went to Australia; while to "all other places" went 24,000 English, 2,000 Irish and 1,000 Scotch. The totals for the year show 164,000 English emigrants, 64,000 Irish and 25,000 Scotch.—Once a Week.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

Thomas Tyler's Tombstone.

By MARY S. WALKER.



I.
SUSIE BARCLAY was in the back yard one Monday night, taking the clothes from the line, when her father's hired men, Thomas Tyler and Samuel Dale, came up the lane from the potato field. They both looked at the girl, but if either of them

thought she made a pretty picture, flitting in and out among the snowy linen, the shanting sunbeams falling on her shapely form and comely face and shining black hair, he did not say so to his fellow; for, though Farmer Barclay's hired men had plowed and planted and hoed side by side through the spring and summer days, and at night slept together in the big chamber over the kitchen, they were not on confidential terms. Samuel Dale, who had been on the farm half a dozen years, was jealous of the growing influence of a comparative stranger, who, it seemed likely, would supplant him in more ways than one.

Early the previous spring, a well dressed, good looking man, about 30 years of age, knocked at Farmer Barclay's door and offered to hire out for the summer. The farmer took him upon trial—hands were scarce that year—and when his month was out, engaged him for the season. He was smart to work—as a man needed to be who could hoe his row with Samuel Dale—clever at contrivance and handy with tools. He kept the farmer's mouth stretched with his jokes, though he seldom showed his own white teeth in a laugh.

"A sharp witted, wide awake fellow," said Farmer Barclay, "who pays for his bread and bacon by his good company."

The new hand was no less a favorite indoors. Susie Barclay, the farmer's only child, housekeeper and mistress—her mother was dead—looked with increasing favor upon the gallant stranger, who, when he was by, would not allow her to bring a pail of water from the well or a handful of kindling wood from the shed, but performed these offices for her with a respectful deference of manner, accompanying them with well worded compliments and admiring glances that were very flattering to the simple country girl. Meanwhile, Samuel Dale lounged on the porch or sat dangling his long legs from the kitchen table.

On the Monday evening when our story commences the two men washed at the pump, and Thomas Tyler, after carefully brushing the dust from his clothes and running a pocket comb through his crisp black curls, hastened to join Susie Barclay in the clothes yard, while Samuel Dale went out to the farmer on the porch.

Dale was tall and somewhat ungainly in person, with a ruddy, open face and a pleasant brown eye. He was simple and straightforward in manner, had a sunny temper, and was honest through and through.

The old farmer was half asleep in his chair, and the setting sun shone full upon his jolly red face and gray hair.

"Father Barclay," said Samuel Dale, "I want to know how much longer you are going to let this go on?"

"Eh! What, Sammy?" said the old man, waking with a start. "You reckon we'd better put it down to oats, don't ye? The way we've been goin' on with that meddler lot would spile the best piece of land in the state of Ohio."

"See here, Father Barclay," said the young man, "I have that on my mind lately that leaves me no heart for farm work. Look yonder, will you? That girl has been as good as promised to me these three years, and we'd been man and wife before this, only you said she was too young, and coaxed me to wait a spell. Now look at her, will you?"

The porch commanded a view of the green yard sloping down to the meadow bank behind the farm house. Susie's task was completed, and the great round basket at her side was heaped high with the snow white linen. Her companion was taking down the line, when suddenly, by a dexterous movement, he threw a coil over the girl's head. She struggled to free herself, but it was plain to see, by her laughing, blushing face and the yielding motion of her supple frame toward her captor, that she was no unwilling prisoner in his grasp. Thomas Tyler, holding the ends of the rope in his right hand, looked toward the porch and showed his white teeth in a smile.

The sight was not agreeable to Samuel Dale.

"Do you see that?" he said, angrily. "It's been going on for weeks, and he's winding himself round the girl as he's tightening that rope round her now. Do you want to see her tied hand and foot, Father Barclay, and never lift a finger to stop it?"

"Sho! sho! Sammy! what's come over ye, boy? You look as black as a thunder cloud. Gittin' jealous, hey? Why the girl's foolin' a little, that's all. Girls will be girls, you know, and Tom Tyler's a good lookin' chap, with a smooth tongue in his head for women folks. And, now I think of it, he's always round the girl. You must stick up to her, Sammy. I can't do your courtin' for ye. Show a little pluck, my boy. If Tom Tyler talks soft, do you talk softer. Women folks like coaxin' and flatterin'; and mebbe you haven't giv' Sue enough of it."

"I am no match for Tom Tyler at that game," said the young man, moodily. "Your daughter has known my mind these three years, and don't need any soft words to tell her of it. And, Father Barclay, the feelings that's been going on for the last fortnight is a kind I can't put up with. I thought you might have something to say about her throwing

herself away on a fellow whose very name was strange to her three months ago; but I see you have no notion to meddle. She is likely to follow her own bent, I suppose, for all your opinion or mine. But there's one thing; she's played fast and loose with me long enough. I'll have it out with her this night. She shall take her choice between us, and"

He stopped abruptly, and turned upon his heel, for Thomas Tyler and the farmer's daughter were coming up the walk bearing the basket of clothes between them.

That evening, when the supper table was cleared away, and Mr. Tyler had gone down the road to the village, Samuel Dale, after some difficulty—for the girl of late had been shy of his company—procured an interview with Susie Barclay.

"It has been on my mind to speak to you, Susie," he said, "for a week, but you would never give me the chance. You know how matters have stood between us these three years. We have kept company together ever since I came to Barclay Farm, and though I've never asked you to name the day, I think you've known my mind well enough. I am not a man of many words, and I haven't the wit to flatter you with soft speeches, but I love you, Susie Barclay. Will you take me for a husband this day month?"

"La, Mr. Dale!" said the girl, with a toss of her pretty head, "how you startle me! Take you for a husband, indeed! I am too young to marry this long while yet. I am sure I don't know my own mind three days together. And I am afraid I shouldn't make you a good wife, and it's better for both of us to wait a while, and"

He interrupted her: "Susie, I have courted you three years. If I wait longer, it will be to see another man carry you off in a month. You've known me long enough to learn your own mind about me. You must take me now, or you must let me go."

"I am sure you are free to go if you like," she said, flushing; "there's nobody to hinder you. You have no right to speak to me like that. I am not your servant, Samuel Dale. I never promised to marry you, and perhaps I never will."

"You tell me that," said the young man, bitterly, "after keeping me in hand all these years! Susan Barclay, are you going to play me false, that you may marry a man you never heard of three months ago?"

"Who told you I was going to marry any one?"

"Do I need to be told? Haven't I watched you since the day that man set his foot in your father's house? And because I trusted you, and thought you'd known me too long to be taken with a newcomer, you carried on your courting before my eyes. You false, hard hearted girl! But no, you never were that. It's only that this smooth faced coxcomb has bewitched you. Oh, Susie! can't you tell him there's an honest heart that's loved you true these three years, and so with a frank word send him packing?"

"If it's Mr. Tyler you are talking about," said Susie Barclay, "you may set your mind at rest, for there's nothing but friendship between us. He's never so much as asked me to marry him; but he's a pleasant, civil spoken, gentleman, that doesn't call people names behind their backs; and I'll not stay here to be scolded, Samuel Dale; and I'll die an old maid before I'll marry the cross husband you will make."

"Is that your last word to me?" he said, sorrowfully. "Then I have no answer, and Barclay Farm is no place for me, though I thought to spend my days here. It's manners for the old love to go when the new love comes. Well, good night, Susie. I wish you well, though you've given me a sore heart to carry; but curses on the man that's come between me and my girl!"

She stole a sidelong glance, and when she saw how his ruddy cheek had turned pale, and his mouth was set in a gloomy, resolute expression, her heart softened toward him. But she did not put her pity into words. She listened to his slow, heavy steps as he mounted the stairs to his chamber, till the gate opened with a sharp click, and she heard Thomas Tyler's brisk tread as he came up the walk. Then she ran to the kitchen glass to arrange the knot of pink ribbons under her chin, and thought no more of Samuel Dale that night.

The poor fellow could not sleep for his aching heart; and when, an hour later, his room mate came in, whistling softly to himself, with his black eyes shining, Samuel Dale lay and watched him from between his half closed lids.

The man took writing materials from his trunk, and was soon busily at work, bending closely to his task. He appeared to be making a copy of a letter spread out before him; and when it was completed, and he held up the two documents side by side, it seemed to Samuel Dale at the distance where he lay that the work was well done, for the copy might have been mistaken for the original. Mr. Tyler scanned the result of his labor critically, nodded his head once or twice in approbation; then, locking the papers in his trunk, betook himself to bed.

The farmer was twice surprised the next day. Samuel Dale announced his intention of leaving the farm when his year was out, and his daughter, with smiles and blushes, informed him that she had passed her word, provided he was willing, to take Thomas Tyler for a husband.

"Why, Susie," said the old man, "you strike me all of a heap! Sammy Dale has been waitin' for you these three years, and you are as good as promised to him, you know. I've reckoned all along on him an' you hitchin' horses, an' carryin' on the farm after I was under ground."

"Father, I never promised to marry Samuel Dale. Living together in the same house, I couldn't well help his keeping company with me; and perhaps I might have thought sometimes I should like him well enough to take him for a

husband; but that was before I knew Mr. Tyler. I'll marry the man of my choice, father, or I'll live and die an old maid."

Then came coaxing and tears, and the easy old man, who had never crossed his daughter's wishes since her mother died, yielded.

"Well, well, Susie, you must have your own way, I suppose," he said; "and Tom Tyler's a smart fellow, and right handy about the farm."

He administered comfort to Samuel Dale in his own peculiar fashion:

"What's the use of taking it so hard, Sammy? There's likely girls besides Sue Barclay, who will have you for the askin'. I wish you'd make up your mind to settle down snug and comfortable, and let things go along in the old track."

Samuel Dale shook his head. "I had best be gone," he said—"best for her and best for me. I'd be right glad to go to-morrow, but you have always done the fair thing by me, and I can't leave you right in the busy season. I'll stay till after harvestin', and then I'll be off. You don't know me, Father Barclay. At thought of the trick that man has played, my blood runs fire and my hands itch to get hold of him. I might be left to do him a mischief some day."

"Sho! sho! Sammy! you don't mean it."

"I can't work days, nor sleep nights, for the trouble that's on my mind. It ain't altogether for my own loss. If 'twas a good man she'd jilted me for, I'd master pluck to bear it. Father Barclay, I must speak out, though you'll say it's bad blood makes me talk ill of the man that's gained where I've lost. I have mistrusted him from the first. He's as bold as brass, and his tongue runs like a mill wheel, but it's little he finds to say of his own affairs. And when you come down to it, who is he? and where did he come from? and what has he been about all his life?"

"Susie knows," said the old man, eagerly. "He told her all about it—how he was born and brought up in Connecticut, and his father died when he was a little shaver, and he'd kept his mother an' all the children by his earnings, till the old lady died and the children got homes with their relations; and then he came west to seek his fortune; and Susie says such a good son will be sure to make a good husband."

"Humph!" said Samuel Dale.

III.

"Susie," called the farmer the next Sunday afternoon, "have you been meddlin' with this book?"

He stood turning the leaves of the family Bible, that always stood on a round stand in the corner of the kitchen. "No, father."

"Well, somebody has. Here's a milk bill in the wrong place; and there's a letter I wrote last Sunday to Squire Cooper, and hadn't decided to send, and so slipped it in here somewhere, and it's gone."

Susie assisted her father to search for the missing letter, but it could not be found. Thomas Tyler was busy again that night with his writing after every one else in the house was in bed, and the next day he took the farmer's old white horse and drove over to Lester's Corners. Susie followed him to the porch, and as he drew her under the shadow of the grapevine to snatch a parting kiss she saw the corner of a letter peeping from his pocket and took it slyly out. Before she read the address he discovered his loss and caught her hand so roughly that she cried out with pain.

"Give me that letter," he said, sternly; and there was a look in his black eyes she had never seen there before; but a



"Give me that letter," he said, sternly; and there was a look in his black eyes she had never seen there before; but a moment later he apologized for his rudeness, kissed the little hurt hand and made his peace as well as he could.

IV.

Before harvesting was over the wedding day was fixed. A hired girl took Susie's place in the kitchen, and she sat all day at her chamber window overlooking the beautiful golden fields where her lover was at work, making her wedding dress. And when the corn crop was full, and the wheat was in the barn, and the potatoes in the cellar, she came to Samuel Dale and asked him, in her pretty, coaxing way, not to leave Barclay Farm till after the wedding.

The poor fellow, whose heart grew sorer and sorer at the thought of his loss, looked in her bright face with passionate, regretful tenderness. "I'll stay if you bid me, Susie," he said.

And now commenced grand preparations, and the beating of eggs, the pounding of spices, and stirring and shaking and sifting were sounds all day heard in the great kitchen of the farm house, for the bride-elect and Betsey, the hired girl, made the wedding cake. Only the bride's loaf was ordered from Cleveland, for Susie Barclay declared she could not be married without a certain wonderful structure, to be made with frosting an inch thick, and surmounted with two sugar doves, their bills meeting in a conjugal kiss. Great was her distress, therefore, when, the

evening before the wedding, the stage failed to bring the expected box.

"Don't fret, Susie," said Samuel Dale, who could not bear to see a shadow on the dear face. "I'll ride over to Lester's early in the morning, and if it's there you shall have it by 10 o'clock."

Accordingly, he was up betimes, and as the wagon rattled out of the yard the bride put her head from the window.

"Ride fast, Samuel," she said, "and be sure and be back by 10 o'clock, or you'll miss the ceremony."

"Confound the ceremony!" said Samuel Dale, for there was a limit to the long suffering patience of even this exemplary young man; and then aloud: "All right, Susie: I'll be back in good time," and so departed.

At Lester's Corners he found what he sought, and, pleased to think that now Susie would have her wedding loaf, was leaving the depot when the station master called after him.

"There's a woman here waiting to take the stage to Barclay's," he said; "will you give her a ride?"

Samuel Dale turned back with reluctance.

"I don't know how to stop a minute," he said; "I agreed to be back by 10 o'clock."

The man called to some one within, and a small woman, with a pinched, careworn face, and thin, light hair, appeared in the doorway. She was dressed in shabby black, and her clothing was creased and tumbled and soiled by a long journey.

"Here's a gentleman will take you to Barclay's, marm," said the man. "Hurry up—he can't wait."

She looked timidly in Samuel Dale's face, but still stood in the doorway.

"There's the box, sir," she said; "would the gentleman kindly take the box?"

"Oh, that's all right," said the official. "I'll send it up by the stage. Come, jump aboard."

"If you please, sir, I couldn't leave it behind. I have brought that box a long way; I—I'll wait for the stage."

"Wait, then!" he said, gruffly; but Samuel Dale marked the woman's weary, disappointed face.

"Fetch along her traps," said he, "and don't be all day about it, either; but half repented his kindness, for the box, unwieldy in its proportions and of no light weight, occupied a goodly space in the wagon, and the woman betrayed so much anxious solicitude about its disposal as to somewhat impede their journey."

"Is it quite safe, sir, do you think?" she inquired timidly as the wagon jolted down the hill.

"I should say it was, marm, unless there's chincy or glass or some such brittle thing inside of it."

"Oh, sir, it's a deal more precious than that. It's a stone, sir—a tombstone. I have brought it all the way from Simsbury to put over my husband's grave."

"Do tell!" said Samuel Dale.

His sympathizing tone rendered her communicative.

"Yes, sir; he died out here in a strange country, away from all his folks, and when I got word of it, it went right to break my heart to think there wasn't so much as a board to mark the spot where he lay lying."

"Oh come, now," said the young man, "don't you feel bad about it. There's mighty kind hearted folks in these parts, specially among the women kind. I'll warrant your man had good care and didn't want for nothing."

"But you see, sir, he died of a lingering disease, the letter said, and the nursing and the medicine and the doctors' bills took all his earnings, and the town had to bury him. And I sold 'most everything I had, and Simsbury folks they helped me, and at last I got money enough together to buy him a tombstone, and I have fetched it myself. There was nothing to hinder, for I put my last little boy in the ground—there's three of 'em, sir, lying side by side in Simsbury grave yard—two weeks before I got the letter. It's been a dreadful hard journey, sir, and I never was six miles from home in my life before; but if I can hear about my poor man's last sickness, and the messages he left for me, and see that stone put up over his grave decent like, I'll go home contented."

"Well, so you shall," said kind hearted Samuel Dale.

"If you belong in these parts, sir, perhaps you know Mr. Barclay—Mr. Peter Barclay?"

"Is it there you want to go?"

"Why, yes, sir; 'twas he wrote me the letter. My poor man died at his house. You didn't happen to hear about it, sir?"

"I reckon you've made a mistake in the name," said Samuel Dale.

With trembling, eager haste she drew a letter from her pocket. It was soiled and worn at the edges by many readings. Samuel Dale stopped his horse in the middle of the road, and his eyes dilated with astonishment as he opened the letter and recognized Farmer Barclay's handwriting. It read as follows:

"BARCLAY FARM, August 12.

"To Mrs. NANCY TYLER:

"RESPECTED MADAM—This is to inform you that your late husband, Mr. Thomas Tyler, departed this life at my house the ninth day of the present month, of a lingering disease. He bore his sufferings with Christian meekness, and died at peace with all mankind. When near his last hour he desired me to write you this letter.

"Your obedient servant,

"PETER BARCLAY.

"N. B. The expenses of his sickness having used all his earnings, he was buried from my house at the expense of the town."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

It Takes Time.

There is a law suit now in progress in Oswego, because of a man 63 years old having refused to pay for twenty yards of cloth which was put down as "ditto." He had no use for "ditto," never bought any, and didn't propose to be bulldozed. It takes time to learn all there is to be learned in this world.—Detroit Free Press.

BREVITIES

MEN YOU HEAR OF.

Lord Wolsley is not popular with the royal family of England. The queen especially dislikes him.

It is stated that Henry M. Stanley has sold his forthcoming book narrating his African experiences for \$200,000.

The late Sir William Gull, the eminent London physician, had little faith in drugs, and didn't hesitate to say so.

Lord Tenyson says that since he became famous he has had at least 100,000 applications for his autograph. He has favored only 500 individuals.

Krupp, Prussia's great gunmaker, is the heaviest taxpayer in the kingdom. He has assessed this year on an income of \$1,400,000, an increase of \$300,000 over last year.

Norman T. Gassette, grand commander of the Knights Templar of Illinois, has the largest private library of oriental literature in America. He spends a large sum every year for new books.

Dashyhead, the Cherokee chief, now in Washington, is tall, with a brown skin, but with the features of a Caucasian. It is said that he is not more than one-eighth Indian. Some years ago he married a niece of Senator Butler, of South Carolina.

Antonio De Navarro, Mary Anderson's fiancé, is of medium height, rather slender of build, and his hair and small mustache are black. His eyes are black, too, and he gives one the impression of a serious student. He is a partner with his father and brother, Alfonso, in the law and real estate business.

Buffalo Bill had an interesting experience at Barcelona. As he was about to leave that city he was accosted by an envoy of the Spanish government, who asked him if he would accept a certain decoration. "Not by a long sight," said Col. Cody. "I am already duke of Colorado." The envoy bowed respectfully and disappeared.

Mr. Ruskin was once asked if it would not be well for the Welsh language to die out and be replaced by the English. "God forbid!" he replied. "The Welsh language is the language of music. There is no genius about the English language. The Scotch have got all the poetry, and the Irish all the wit; and how we got Shakespeare I do not know."

Hawarden, Mr. Gladstone's country seat, was invaded one day recently by a little olive colored man, making many gestures and talking a strange jargon, so the servants arrested him as a maniac and possible assassin. Mr. Gladstone was summoned to see the wretch, who turned out to be a Greek professor, speaking no English, who had come all the way from Athens to congratulate the British statesman on knowing Homer's "Iliad" by heart.

DOINGS OF ROYALTY.

Ex-Queen Natalie has ordered \$100,000 worth of furniture from Russia for her new house in Belgrade.

The Prince of Naples, although not yet 21 years of age, has been appointed by his royal father to a senatorship of Italy.

The czar has bestowed an annual pension of 3,000 rubles (about \$1,000) upon Anton Rubinstein, and the eminent pianist has a standing offer of \$2,500 a performance for twenty-five piano performances in America.

The sultan of Turkey has decided to put new uniforms on his troops, and is now inspecting different styles of military dress. It is settled that in summer the uniform shall be white, like that of the Russian army.

The papers of the late Empress Augusta have been taken in charge by an officer of the German government and sealed up. They include diaries and journals which were intended for publication after her death, and which, it is believed, would have made a sensation among the royalties.

An inventory of the wardrobe of Queen Elizabeth, made in the year 1600, recently published, shows that the queen then had 99 robes, 126 kirtles, 269 gowns, 136 "foreparts," 125 petticoats, 27 fans, 96 cloaks, 83 safeguards, 85 doublets and 18 lap mantles. The gowns appear all to have been of the richest materials.

GASTRONOMICAL TID BITS.

Lettuce should not be soaked in vinegar.

Beefsteak and mushroom pudding is a favorite Brazilian dish.

Frenchmen make a snail omelette that is described as delicious.

Accolade de Hievre a l'broche is a more substantial dish than the name would imply.

"Mutton duck" is not quite so delicate as the canvas back, but it is much cheaper.

A newly invented pancake machine for the table saves much wear and tear in the kitchen.

The United States supreme court has decided that beans are properly classed as vegetables.—Hotel Mail.

THE INDUSTRIAL WORLD.

In Scotland and Northumberland the miners enjoy the eight hour day.

An English railway company has set apart a special fund from which to reward acts of bravery on the part of its employes.

In Denmark most of the girls are trained in agriculture, which is there an important industry. The owners of farms receive pupils, who undergo a regular training.

The chimney sweepers of Vienna who recently struck for an increase of wages are described as the most wretchedly paid men in the town. Their monthly pay has been about 14 florins, or 26 shillings, and they are almost entirely dependent on tips.

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Franklin COAL, Red Ash

My stock includes all sizes

Free Burning White Ash, Lehigh Egg and Broken White Ash, Franklin Stove, Red Ash, (the only genuine), Georges Creek

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Have just received a full assortment of

MEN'S IMPORTED

Balbriggan Underwear!

They cost a little more to buy than the common goods, but as they will wear four times longer, and fit better, they are really cheaper in the end.

You ought to see our

NEW CLOAKINGS

For Pheasant Capes and Children's Garments. We are showing some beauties for

\$1.00 Per Yard.

Our \$1.25 Grade Beats the Town.

You can select

An Apron for 25 Cts.

from ten different styles, every one a beauty. We have better grades, and one style that

25c TAKES TWO.

OUR

Cotton Underwear

DEPARTMENT

is showing much greater sales than we anticipated, but at the low prices Ladies and Misses can replenish their wardrobe, it really seems a waste of time to make them. You can purchase Garments for about the cost of the material.

PARASOLS!

About four large armfuls of NEW PARASOLS just received, and they are beauties. As it will be impossible to tell you how pretty the handles are, and the beautiful stripe and plaid effects, we will attempt it, but it will not cost you only your time to look at them.

SPECIAL BARGAINS

2 Jersey Vests.....15c
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" ".....25c
" ".....37 1-2c
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In Plain, Drab, Slate and Tan, also Stripes and Boot Styles.

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After a thorough trial, we are enabled to give our customers a bargain in a

REAL KID GLOVE

in Black, Slates and Tans, at the low price of

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Don't pay fancy prices for not so good a glove.

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ROCKLAND, ME.

A SPIRIT OF PATRIOTISM.

Vinalhaven Schools Throw to the Breeze Four Beautiful Flags.

VINALHAVEN, May 21, 1890. Probably no town in the State of Maine can boast of as many flag staffs to the number of its population as can the little town of Vinalhaven.

They have recently been increased by four—one at each of the schoolhouses in the village. Last Saturday was a day long to be remembered here. For some weeks all had waited and watched for a suitable day in which to give to the breeze the several flags that had been presented. At an early hour the children began to assemble at their various school-rooms. At 9 o'clock George Roberts, Marshal of the day, formed the Grammar School under care of its teacher, Miss May Carlton, and the Intermediate under the teacher, Miss Lulu Vinal, and marched them to the High School room where they were joined by the High School, led by the Principal, Mr. C. E. Perkins, and the Assistant, Miss Alice Robbins. All marched to G. A. R. Hall where the Post in uniform, headed by the Vinalhaven Band, were waiting.

The line of march was over the hill to the west side Grammar and Intermediate buildings. Here were found both schools waiting under the care of their teachers. Mrs. Sadie West and Miss Whitten. The Primary School was also there under its teacher, Mrs. Hewett. The children all looked well with their red caps, white caps and blue caps.

The following program was well rendered at this place:
Singing—America, School
Music, Vinalhaven Band
Prayer, W. H. Littlefield
Presentation of Flag, Hon. F. S. Wall
Reception of Flag, Mrs. Sadie West
Music—Star Spangled Banner, Band
Recitation—Barbara Fritchle, Mrs. Sadie West
Singing—Rally Round the Flag, School
Recitation—God Bless our Star Forever, Miss May Peniston
Singing—Battle Cry of Freedom, School

The procession then marched to the schoolhouse on the hill where the following program was carried out:

Music, Band
Singing—America, Grammar and Primary School
Presentation of Flag, Hon. F. S. Wall
Reception of Flag, W. H. Littlefield
Music—Star Spangled Banner, Band
Recitation—All Hail the Land of Liberty, Band
Declaration—Our Country, Miss Annie Littlefield
Singing—Our Flag, Primary School, Class of Ten
Recitation—Union of Liberty, Mrs. Rose Hewett
Singing—Children of the Union, School
Music, Band

After the exercises concluded on the west side the procession marched to the Grammar and Primary school building on the east side where prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Littlefield—flag presented by Mr. C. Boman in a few well chosen remarks. Mr. Littlefield gave in addition a very interesting talk to the children, and F. S. Wall, esq., received the flag in behalf of the District and turned it over to Miss Carlton who accepted it very gracefully in a very few words. The Primary schools with their teachers, Misses Battle and Fannie Tapley, then joined the procession and marched to the High School building where the closing exercises were held. Noon had now arrived and it was time to think about dinner; but a larger crowd assembled here than at any of the other buildings. Commander Frank L. Carver of L. Carver Post in a few well chosen words presented a flag to the town for the Free High School building in behalf of the Post and L. Carver Relief Corp, the same being accepted in a stirring speech by Col. T. G. Libby, who turned it over to the care of C. E. Perkins, esq., Principal of the High School. Mr. Perkins accepted it in behalf of the school in a fifteen minute speech. Charlie Boman bent it to the bays and the classes D C B and A each gave it a pull, and with three cheers for 1st, the flag, 2d, the G. A. R., 3d, Ladies' Relief Corp, 4th, the band, 5th, the teachers and scholars, with a "tiger" for all hands, the exercises ended with general expressions of satisfaction and approval.

The G. A. R., teachers and scholars as well as the entire public, cannot but feel grateful to the boys composing our excellent band, for furnishing gratis music upon this occasion which contributed more than half to the success attending the exercises of the day.

Com.

CORN FOR FODDER, CORN FOR GRAIN.

Professor Shelton Tells Why Farmers Must Have Two Corn Fields.

The common practice in the west, and indeed one very general elsewhere, has been to cut corn and shock it at the time of its early maturity. By this process the grain dries out and hardens and the stalks retain most of their leaves, so that after the corn has been husked a crop of grain and a crop of fodder is realized from the same planting. From experiments made by Professor Shelton, at the Kansas agricultural station, it was found that in nearly every case where adjacent rows of corn were cut at intervals of seven to twenty days, the largest yield of the best quality of corn was found in the rows cut latest. It was plainly taught in the seventy odd cases tried that corn continues to improve in weight until the very last—after the blades of the plant have been dried up and quite likely blown away and seemingly until the juices of the stalks have been completely sucked up.

The figures shown in the careful cuttings and weighings of corn at different stages of ripeness, says the professor, seem to point to a real principle in the growth of the crop which the farmer cannot afford to ignore. It is perfectly clear that we must raise corn for corn, with no thought of fodder; and again, corn which has no higher purpose than fodder. We must, in short, have two corn fields on every farm, receiving radically different treatment to correspond with the different purposes for which they are cultivated.

In considering the above it must be remembered that corn fodder in Kansas has a smaller proportion of leaves and blades than is found on the varieties grown in the New England and middle states, where picking the ears from the standing stalks and leaving the latter unharvested would be thought a wasteful process.

A Good Tool in the Corn Field.

Last spring, after working my corn with a two-horse cultivator one way (it being in drills), I wished for a tool to cross the rows and break the crust in the rows. After a little study I concluded that a stub toothed hay rake would be just the thing. So I hitched on to try it. It is far ahead of any drag I ever saw. Instead of covering and tearing out the corn, it uncovers it and leaves the corn and also the ground in the best possible shape. Now I do not claim that it will kill the grass after it gets a few inches high, but it destroys the young plant when it first comes up. The kind of rake that I used was an independent tooth, weighted down with a stick of timber; but any rake will do that can be set low enough to catch in the ground. I would advise farmers to try this simple tool.

Handling Manure.

On the subject of improving manure by handling or measurement Sir J. B. Lawes, the great English experimental agriculturist, says he is just as ignorant as the most old fashioned farmer, and that there is no use in trying to fix ammonia where there is little or none to fix. You cannot handle manure without doing so at some considerable expense, and he therefore thinks it more economical to let it alone. It is certain that all the labor expended upon it adds to its cost, but it is not equally certain that it adds in the same proportion to its value. Many of our best farmers haul out their barnyard manure as soon as convenient and spread it on the land when it is to be used. On lands subject to washing and draining the application is better if delayed until cultivation begins.

Flower Hedges.

Division lines are sometimes desirable to separate ornamental grounds and lawns from vegetable gardens, and for this purpose Gardening Illustrated recommends the planting of flowering shrubs for the brilliant and beautiful display which they afford during the season of bloom. For this purpose strong growing and hardy roses are to be chosen, such for instance as Scotch Briar, Cabbage, Currant, the pink and white Weigela, the panicle Hydrangea and Philadelphus. We have seen beautiful ornamental lines of the purple Barbary. The White and crimson Japan Quince make an early display of brilliant flowers.

Items of General Interest.

Melons should never be gathered till the stem has "sprung"—that is, parted from the fruit—more or less.

According to one estimate, during the past ten years the amount of capital invested in vineyards and grape growing has increased over one hundred millions of dollars, with an annual product of over twenty-five millions of dollars.

Col. Curtis says that the best rule is to get manure out upon the land where it is needed as fast as made. The next best thing to do is to keep manure under cover when it cannot be thus drawn out.

Granger roads is the term sometimes applied to railroads in some of the western states, whose rates of transportation have been limited by the state laws governing them within the boundaries of the state.

Visible supply of grain is the amount of grain in the hands of dealers, warehousemen and others, as ascertained from trustworthy sources.

Merino is the most widely distributed type of sheep in this country.

Essex swine are invariably black, Berkshires are black, with an occasional splash of white, and some of the Neapolitans are pure black.

An Australian correspondent says: "One of the best remedies I ever found for foot rot in sheep was to turn them often, dressing the feet on a dry floor covered two inches deep with quicklime."

To get a run down horse into condition give it light exercise rather than idleness.

A popular porker is a little fellow with large, juicy hams, the large hogs being more desirable for producing lard.

CURING HONEY.

How to Cure It in the Comb, After Extracting and in Storage.

There are three ways by which honey is cured, namely: In the comb, soon after extracting and in storage.

First, as regards the curing of honey in the comb, we might ask this question: "Will a long storage of honey in the comb improve it?" Certainly not, as, by age, the capping becomes impure and dirty, which in time will, to a more or less extent, penetrate the honey and give it a dark tint.

Second, the curing after extracting is to leave the honey in open vessels, not entirely excluding the air, but especially protecting it from the dust and light.

Third, the process of curing in storage takes place in barrels, after previous ripening, and is something like a limited vinous fermentation, or rather the development of a melle ether—a process of purification. For after such storage for a month or two the honey will wonderfully improve in its crystal appearance. By this method the honey must be kept perfectly excluded from atmospheric air, cautions American Bee Journal, authority for the above.

Churning Whole Butter.

The same process of churning is required to make butter from sweet milk as from soured cream. The butter fat in milk is contained in little globules that have to be broken by agitation, so that the butter they contain is released and can be gathered in a mass by itself. By setting the milk the portion containing the butter mostly rises to the surface as cream, and thus only a comparatively small portion of the whole milk need be subjected to churning. It is sometimes claimed that churning the whole milk will give a slightly larger proportion of butter, but where the cream has been properly raised the difference, if any, is not enough to compensate for the additional labor in churning so large a mass of milk for a small yield of butter. To make the same amount of butter would require a churn of about ten times the capacity and a proportionate amount of power to churn it from milk as would be necessary for cream, so that churning whole milk is not likely to come into general use in butter making. The butter is released more readily when the cream is churned just as it has grown slightly sour and the fat globules have been exposed for a time to the action of the atmosphere at a temperature of from 60 to 65 degs.

Salt for Dairy Cattle.

Professor Robinson says that dairy cattle should have access to salt every day, and salt should be added to all their stable feed daily. A series of experiments has convinced me that when cows are denied salt for a period of even one week they will yield from 14 to 17 per cent. less milk, and that of an inferior quality. Such milk will on the average turn sour in twenty-four hours less time than milk drawn from the same or similar cows receiving salt, all other conditions of treatment being equal.

The Forest Area of the Country.

By separating the states into groups, the six New England states are credited with a forest area of 19,193,928 acres; the four middle states with 17,630,000; the fourteen southern states, including Maryland and leaving out Missouri, with 232,800,000; the nine western states with 80,353,768; four Pacific states, 52,630,000, and the seven territories with 63,034,000. It will thus be seen that of the entire 465,645,895 acres of forest included in this estimate, the fourteen southern states possess fully one-half.

Cotton Seed Meal for Fowls.

American Agriculturist advises, if you can't get meat for your fowls, to buy them some cotton seed meal. If fed daily, one pint to a mess of soft food for 200 hens is sufficient. Milk is also an excellent substitute for meat, and, in fact, is considered preferable by some poultry keepers. No matter how well balanced their ration may be, change it often. A variety of food gives zest to the appetite and stimulates digestion.

Gleaned from Agricultural Exchanges.

Most assuredly nucleus colonies will raise queens, if you make them queenless during the warm months or when bees can fly. It is better to have the cells reared in full colonies, then give the hatched queens to nuclei, to be fertilized, according to Gleanings in Bee Culture.

Southern Cultivator says: "Any land that will produce corn will produce oats. Oats require a highly ammoniated fertilizer; hence cotton seed or cotton seed meal is the best home fertilizer that can be used. But a mixture of cotton seed meal and acid phosphate—equal parts—and on some soils potash, in some form, will give better results."

Bee Journal says: "The spreading of the brood frames for winter is an old theory, but one that will hardly pay for the trouble. The advantage (if there is any) is very slight, while the disadvantages are many."

Field and Farm says: "We find that a pig which is fed pure, fresh slop will not take kindly to raw pumpkins as food, but cooked with potatoes they are much relished. When cooked this way it is well to add a little ship stuff or bran to make a better balanced ration."

New England Farmer reports that Mr. Philbrick, of Tilton, N. H., finds his ensilage costs him \$2.40 per ton in the silo, and that three tons are equal in value to one ton of hay. Mr. Haven, of Whitefield, estimates the cost of his at \$1.25 per ton, labor cost, and finds forty pounds equal to nineteen pounds of hay.

No bird with blood on its plumage should ever be permitted to run with the flock, for the reason that, attracted by the blood, the other fowls will soon acquire the evil of feather eating.

Pick all white birds and sell their feathers separate, for white hens' feathers sell for twenty-eight cents a pound, while colored feathers bring only six to eight cents a pound. This makes a great difference, as the feathers alone will pay dressing expenses, if they be white ones.

It seems incredible that any person under a hundred years old could live in our time and not know the bunco man of cities, the prize package swindler and the fact that the gas should be turned off and not blown out. Yet only a few days ago a youthful married couple on their honeymoon trip blew out the gas in a hotel in Nebraska and suffocated themselves. Did they not know how to read, and did they take no newspaper in either one of the respective families to which that hapless bride and groom belonged?

The house architecture of today is like too many other things of the time—cheap and showy. The dwelling the persuasive house agents seek to palm off on the innocent householder of small means has a tower, bay windows, gingerbread chimneys and curlicue walls, but no cellar. Just the most important part, next to a good kitchen, the plain, convenient, old fashioned cellar, with solid stone walls, keeping the house cool in summer and warm in winter, is left off. It costs too much. So, when you buy a house, be sure that it has a tower, a galvanized, painted sheet iron affair, like a tin pan turned bottom upwards. Oh, yes! Let the cellar go, but do not omit the tower or the cast iron monkeys around the railing.

The American way is best. The real root of the poverty and suffering in Europe is the vast standing armies the Christian nations there think it necessary to maintain in order to enforce the gospel of peace and good will. A quarter to half a million idlers of the ablest bodied made citizens of a country, to be supported by the labors of women, children and feeble old men, make a difference in the industrial resources and lower the comfort and prosperity of the whole people. In the United States, if a war should come upon us suddenly, it would take six months to a year to make good fighting soldiers out of our volunteers, as it did in the last war. But that is better, far better, than a vast standing army. Even if war should come upon us suddenly a million well drilled militiamen could be turned into soldiers with amazing rapidity. But the United States needs an ample and thoroughly drilled militia.

The Torpedo Boat Cushing.

The latest addition to the American navy, the little torpedo boat Cushing, has beaten all records of all kinds as to speed. She was built at the Herrishoff shipyards at Bristol, R. I. On her trial trip she made twenty-two miles an hour, a rate of speed never equaled on a first trip before. This was on the run from Newport to New York. Then the steamer started out again, this time to go from New York around by Fortress Monroe and up the Potomac to the Washington navy yard. Again she developed extraordinary speed. Only one boiler was used, the air was thick with fog and the sea heavy, yet the Cushing made the trip from New York to Washington in twenty-eight and one-half hours, making with the one boiler fifteen knots an hour, under pressure of only thirty pounds of steam, and beating all records again. At a trial at Washington she made nearly twenty-seven miles an hour. A handsome bonus will await the skillful and fortunate builder of the Cushing.

Cremation of Living Lunatics.

The fire fiend laughed when a thin tongue of flame burst upward through the ventilator shaft of the pauper lunatic asylum at Longue Pointe, in Canada, nine miles from Montreal. It was the opportunity he had awaited for years. Here were 1,300 pauper lunatics. The province of Quebec farmed out their keep for \$100 a head, and the keep was according to the price.

No attempt was made to enforce any of the new plans for ameliorating the condition of the crazy ones and restoring their reason. The St. Jean de Dieu asylum was a prison for lunatics, nothing else.

Fires occur in asylums and are frightful calamities. This all the world knows. Yet when the thin flame burst from the top of the air shaft, and the fire fiend laughed and rubbed his hands in glee there were no appliances for fighting him. Engines were telegraphed for to Montreal. They rushed to the rescue over the nine miles with galloping horses, but when they reached Longue Pointe and began to play on the buildings the water supply of the whole great asylum was exhausted in five minutes. They were helpless. And sixty screeching, gibbering lunatics were burned to death.

Two days later came that other ghastly cremation of helpless ones in Chenango county, N. Y., where ten idiots were roasted alive, locked fast in their cells. Will it be believed that here again, in the enlightened and progressive United States this time, "there were no proper facilities for fighting fire?" The lunatic asylum, the poorhouse and the idiot ward went up in flames that carried on their wings ten hapless souls away from this world, which to them had been so cruel.

"No facilities for fighting fire!" The buildings were not even of brick. The structures in which 120 unfortunate were bolted and barred were three story wooden barns. Let us have an overhauling of all the asylums in the country. Most of those who were burned perished because they huddled together and could not be got out of the wards. Beyond a doubt the fire drill, which has been so effective in well conducted schools, could be made available with a large number of paupers and lunatics. The drill would be a means of entertaining them, too.

Newspaper Illustration.

Following grand old Albrecht Durer, the first engraver, came a flood of cheap and nasty imitators, who so degraded the art of engraving that the public of that time became disgusted with it and would have none of it for a century or more. If the same result does not follow the great boom of newspaper illustration in our time, it will only be because the pictures are made so good that the public cannot tire of them.

Few achievements of this generation are more interesting than the processes of newspaper picture making. Say a woman is murdered at midnight. Her portrait is wanted for next morning's paper. What process will enable the publisher to lay the best picture before his readers most quickly? There are two main methods. One of these is called the chalk process, the other the zinc process. By the former a metal plate is covered with a thin coating of chalk and plaster of Paris. The image is then drawn with a steel point upon the coating, the sharp point cutting down to the plate. Hot type metal is next poured over the drawing and a cast thus made for printing.

The other, the zinc process, is the one in use by The American Press Association, which has the largest newspaper illustrative plant in the world. It consists in making a pen and ink drawing and photographing it upon a sensitized zinc plate, into which the picture is then etched with acids. The defect of the chalk process for portraiture is that artists say it is mechanically impossible to properly make a sketch and an engraving at the same time.

A rivalry has sprung up between the advocates of the two methods, which is of interest to all who favor newspaper illustration. A contest as to speed as well as the quality of picture made by the two processes recently took place. Mr. Wagstaff, of The Atlanta Evening Journal, made by the chalk process a picture of Gladstone, ready for printing, in about an hour and three-quarters. Mr. S. H. Horgan, photo-engraver of the American Press Association, then tried his hand on the same subject, Gladstone. Mr. Xenope, the artist, made a pen and ink sketch of the old statesman in eighteen minutes by the clock. Then the photo-engraver took it in hand and completed the cut, ready for printing, in two minutes less than an hour, making the whole time for the process an hour and sixteen minutes, the portrait being far superior to that by the chalk process. Naturally pen and ink can produce more delicately flowing and artistic lines than chalk and steel.

There are not many things new. Old Nicéphore Niepce, the first photographer, more than sixty years ago in France hit upon the idea of photographing a portrait upon a metal plate and then printing from it for newspaper illustrations. He made some pictures in this way. Nicéphore Niepce was there the first photo-engraver. But he died in 1803, and no description of his discovery was extant. The knowledge died with him, to be resurrected half a century later and applied to the pouring out of such an ocean of newspaper pictures, good and bad, as the world never saw before.

The death of Senator Beck, of Kentucky, leaves another gap in the ranks of the elder members of congress. They are dying rapidly of late, these senators and representatives who lived through the exciting scenes of the war. In the house S. S. Cox and Samuel J. Randall were two of the mainstays of the Democratic party, and now in the senate the same party loses James B. Beck, the sturdy, strong Scotch gardener, who studied law and was sent by Kentucky to represent her first in the house, then in the senate. Younger men will now have an opportunity to step forward and show the timber they are made of. Washington political life might be called the place that kills, unless a man is of the strongest brain and physique. There is a touch of the pathetic in the way in which, through four terms as a representative in congress and two full terms and part of a third as senator, Mr. Beck never forgot his old love of botany and gardening. Many of the happiest hours of his later years were spent in the Botanical garden at Washington, where, among the restful perfumes of the flowers, he forgot the fever and bitterness of political strife.

Congressman Connell, of Omaha, has prepared a plan for the irrigation of arid lands. His scheme provides for turning the whole important work over to the agricultural department. He deems it advisable for government to withdraw all arid lands from sale at present, and to make the surveys and dig the artesian well necessary for experimenting. The lands are to be withdrawn from the market to prevent them from falling into the hands of rapacious land companies that will dig the irrigation canals and then rent or sell water privileges to farmers and stockmen along their line at exorbitant prices. In the arid lands of the west are some of the richest farms of the future.

The Young Women's Christian Temperance union and the First Young Women's Christian Temperance union, both of Philadelphia, are into each other's hair and the courts over the matter of a name, in a way edifying to all who still revere gentle womanhood and the Christian virtues of harmony and good will. It makes an awful difference in the interest of temperance whether one is merely a young woman or a first young woman.